

DELL

Sept. 1955
10¢

GENE AUTRY *and* Champion



Champion's
own story:

A gun answered the rumors
about JOHNNY HANDS-UP!

Hey, partners!

Wear the jeans of cowboy champions—

BLUE BELL WRANGLERS

says JIM SHOULDERS, the New World's Champion All-Around Cowboy

IT TAKES REAL SKILL AND COURAGE TO BECOME A RODEO CHAMPION! JIM SHOULDERS' SPECIALTY - RIDING WILD BULLS!



CONGRATULATIONS, JIM! THAT WAS A MIGHTY ROUGH RIDE!

IT SURE WAS AND SPEAKING OF ROUGH RIDING, THESE WRANGLERS SURE CAN TAKE IT! THEY'RE TOUGH AT GOOD, TOO!



SURE DO! EVERYBODY IN OUR FAMILY WEARS WRANGLERS! THEY COME IN SO MANY SIZES.

YEP—JUST LIKE COWBOYS!

MOM LIKE 'EM 'CAUSE THEY'RE SANFORIZED, SAYS THEY'RE SO EASY TO WASH.



4 out of 7 World's Champion All-Around cowboys prefer Blue Bell Wrangler jeans, jackets and shirts



DICK RUTLEDGE
1954



HARRY TOMPKINS
1952



BILL LINDEMAN
1953



TOM WHITLEY
1947



GARTH ROBERTS
1948

Ask your man to get you Wrangler jeans at his favorite store! Boys' sizes in regular or faded blue denim: 4-12, \$2.98; 13-14, \$3.48; Girls' Wrangler Jeans or Frontier Pants: sizes 7-14, \$2.98

All Blue Bell Wranglers carry our famous quality—your unconditional guarantee of satisfaction.



Champion

and
**JOHNNY
HANDS-UP**

AS RICKY NORTH RIDES CHAMPION
ALONG A NARROW TRAIL, DANGER
LURKS JUST AHEAD...

AND SUDDENLY...

CHAMP! A MOUNTAIN LION!

WHEEEE!

CHAMPION TRIES VALENTLY TO FIGHT OFF
THE LION'S ATTACK, AS THE TERRIFIED
BOY CLINGS TO THE SADDLE...

PRESENTLY...

BAM!

AND THE BULLET FINDS ITS MARK...

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us two weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both
your old and new address including zip code for old address used.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





SURPRISED TO SEE ME, KID?

YEAH... PARTICULARLY SINCE YOU'RE WANTED IN THIS TERRITORY!



I HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO BE MARSHAL IN TOWN, JOHNNY! YOUR PA WAS ONE OF MY BEST GUNS! I FIGURED YOU AND I COULD MAKE A DEAL!



SORRY, BAYLESS... NO DEALS! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN!

I WOULDN'T TRY, JOHNNY! THE ODDS ARE TOO BIG!



TWO OTHER GUNMEN SUDDENLY MOVE IN, HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERING THE YOUNG MARSHAL ...

YOU'RE NOT MUCH LIKE YOUR PA, KID! HE DIDN'T MAKE MISTAKES!

HE MADE ONE ... JOINING YOUR GANG! AND HE PAID WITH HIS LIFE!



SO YOU PIN A BADGE ON AND FIGURE ON MAKIN' UP FOR IT, HUH?

MAYBE ... BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT HAS TO BE!



I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO THINK IT OVER, JOHNNY... IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR YOUR PA! NOW START RIDING!



AT THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE IN TOWN...





IN FRONT OF THE BANK, SAYLESS WATCHES JOHNNY FROM THE SHADOWS ...



UNAWARE OF SAYLESS, JOHNNY STOPS A MOMENT TO LOOK OVER THE NEW GUN... AND MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...



JOHNNY STARTS BACK TO THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE TO CHANGE GUNS ...

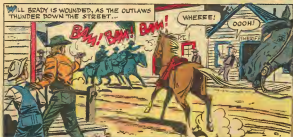


WHEN HE SEES SAYLESS ...



UNABLE TO USE THE GUN, JOHNNY IS HELPLESS AND FORCED TO OBEY SAYLESS'S COMMAND ...





CHAMPION TRIES TO BLOCK THE OUTLAWS' ESCAPE BUT IS TOO LATE...





SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR! WE'LL MOVE WILL INSIDE!

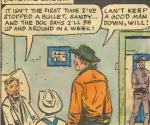
WHAT KIND OF LAW IS THIS? OUTLAWS GOT THE BARK AND THE NEW MARSHAL'S CRACKIN' FOR SKY!



HE'S NOT LIKE THAT! THESE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

ONLY MISTAKE WAS THINKIN' THAT HE'S A MARSHAL! JOHNNY HANDS-UP, THAT'S WHAT HE IS! EVEN CHAMPION TRIED HARDER TO STOP 'EM THAN HE DID!

SOMETIME LATER...



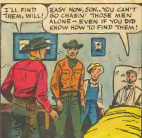
IT ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE STOPPED A BULLET, SANDY... AND THE DOC SAYS I'LL BE UP AND AROUND IN A WEEK!

CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN, WILL!



ARE YOU SURE IT WAS THE BAYLESS GANG, MARSHAL?

FORTUNE! BUT FINDIN' THEM NOW IS GOING TO BE A BIG JOB!



I'LL FIND THEM, WILL!

EASY NOW, SON. YOU CAN'T GO CHASIN' THOSE MEN ALONE - EVEN IF YOU DID KNOW HOW TO FIND THEM!

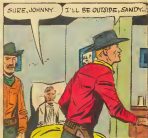


DON'T LET WHAT THOSE FOLKS OUTSIDE SAY GET TO YOU, JOHNNY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYONE!

I'M STILL GOING AFTER BAYLESS!



ABOUT TO TELL THE TRUTH, JOHNNY HESITATES, REALIZING THAT THE BLAME WOULD THEN REST ON WILL BRADY...



DON'T WORRY, MARSHAL BRADY! JOHNNY AND UNCLE SANDY WILL TAKE CARE OF THINGS!



YOU LEAVIN' US, JOHNNY HANDS-UP? I HEAR THERE'S GOOD APPLE PICKING JOBS UP NORTH! OUGHTA BE ABLE TO DO THAT REAL WELL WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

DOESN'T SANDY NORTH
ISN'T GOING WITH HIM?
SURE WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW WHERE THEY'RE
HEADING ...

THEY'RE GOING AFTER
THE BAYLESS GANG!
THAT'S WHERE!

BAYLESS? WELL, NOW, THAT
JOHNNY HANDS-UP IS A REAL
CLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT.
ISN'T HE? BAYLESS WILL
PROBABLY SEND HIM BACK
IN LITTLE PIECES!



WE JUST CAN'T STAY
HERE, CHAMPION! UNCLE
SANDY AND JOHNNY
MIGHT NEED US! AND
NOBODY SAID I HAD TO
STAY HOME!

LATER, ON THE TRAIL ...

STILL KEEPING IT A
SECRET, JOHNNY?
I STILL DON'T KNOW
WHERE WE'RE
HEADED!

ALL RIGHT, SANDY...
I GUESS YOU HAVE
A RIGHT TO KNOW!



MY FATHER WAS AN OUTLAW... EDE
WITH BAYLESS! THEY USED TO USE
RIDGEVILLE AS A HIDE-OUT SPOT...
AND I HAVE A GOOD IDEA BAYLESS
HASN'T CHANGED HIS HABITS!

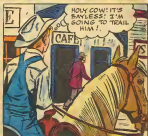
FINDING BAYLESS
NOW MEANS A LOT
TO ME! MAYBE
I CAN MAKE UP
FOR WHAT MY
PA DID!

I HOPE YOUR HUNCH IS
RIGHT, JOHNNY... ABOUT
RIDGEVILLE!





JOHNNY AND SANDY HEAD TOWARD EDGEVILLE... UNAWARE THAT RICKY HAS BEEN FOLLOWING...

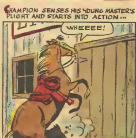
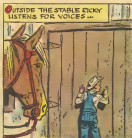


BAYLESS TURNS A CORNER AT THE END
OF THE STREET...

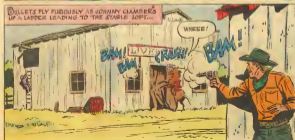


BOBBY FOLLOWS CAUTIOUSLY AND PEERS
AROUND THE CORNER...





CLAMP'S HORSE SLASH AT THE WOODEN DOOR.



JOHNNY MOVES QUIETLY INTO THE HAYLOFT
ABOVE THE OUTLAWS...



AND SHOVELS A HEAVY BALE OF
HAY OVER THE EDGE...



AL IS KNOCKED OUT BY THE HEAVY
BALE AS JOHNNY FIRES...



BUT CHAMPION BLOCKS THE OUTLAWS' WAY...



DON'T MOVE,
BAYLESS!

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO
HAVE YOUR HANDS UP,
MISTER!



SOME TIME LATER...

AND I'M SPEAKING FOR THE WHOLE TOWN, MARSHAL! WE'RE SORRY FOR THE THINGS WE SAID!

FORGET IT! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT BARLESS AND HIS GANG ARE BEHIND BARS!



THERE'S STILL SOMETHIN' ELSE NEEDS EXPLAINING... THE REASON JOHNNY GRAY NEVER DREW THAT GUN...



I DIDN'T FIND OUT TILL JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO IT WAS MY FAULT!

WILL... PLEASE...



JOHNNY GRAY WAS COVERIN' UP FOR ME! PROVES WHAT I'VE BEEN SAYING ALL ALONG ABOUT BEIN' READY TO RETIRE... I HAD LOADED THAT GUN WITH BLAM FIRE CARTRIDGES... IT WAS A CENTER FIRE GUN!



NO NEED TO TELL YOU THERE'S NO USE DRAWIN A GUN THAT WON'T FIRE! WE CAN ALL BE MIGHTY THANKFUL WE GOT SUCH A GOOD MAN... FOR OUR NEW MARSHAL!



CONGRATULATIONS, JOHNNY!

GUESS CHAMPION KNOWS A GOOD MARSHAL WHEN HE SEES ONE!



PAY DIRT

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Simon Lakes was the richest man in Juniper Gulch. Everyone knew that. He was also the most selfish. He owned the only general store in town, and not once had he given anyone credit. He was forever on the lookout for some new project that would enrich his already vast holdings. Most of the people in town suspected Simon of foul tactics but there was no proof of it.

One hot midsummer day, Vern Casey walked wearily into Simon's store to purchase a large stock of provisions.

"Let me see your money first," Simon rasped, eyeing Vern with a hard look.

To the storekeeper's amazement, Vern pulled out a wallet, helping with money. At this, Simon's eyes widened and he hurried to fill the order.

"Looks like you're going to be out in the hills for a while," Simon said pleasantly.

"Sure am," Vern replied. "I just took a thirty-day lease on the old Anson Mine."

"Ha! Let me give you a tip, stranger," Simon roared. "That mine's been worked five or six times. Nobody ever found anything."

"Well, I'll take my chances," Vern replied. "You never know!"

Six weeks passed before Vern appeared again and headed for Simon's store.

"I'll need a few more provisions," Vern told the storekeeper. Simon started to comply, but Vern added, "I've spent all my money. I'll be obliged if you'd grubstake me."

At that Simon stopped and turned. "No money, no provisions!" he rasped.

Sitting close to Simon, Vern furtively held out a few chunks of ore.

"I didn't want to tell anybody yet," he said, "but I've hit part of a rich vein. A few more weeks and I'll hit pay dirt."

Simon's eyes were glittering now with a greedy light. He smiled benignly as he gave the ore back to Vern.

"All right," the storekeeper wheezed. "I'll give you the provisions."

As soon as Vern had ridden out of town, Simon went into action. He bought the mine outright from the owner, planning to make Vern default on his lease. Then the rich mine would be Simon's for good.

Riding up the back trail to the mine, Simon considered ways to get rid of Vern. He ruled out any shooting, as the town was already suspicious of his acquisitions in that fashion. Hearing the mine, he found Vern sitting dejectedly near the opening.

"What's wrong? You look sick!" Simon called as he dismounted.

"I am sick," Vern replied quietly. "Don't know what's wrong. Guess I'm just too old for all this digging."

Simon's face lighted up. Fate was playing into his hands. "Tell you what I'll do," he said, "I'll give you a thousand dollars for your lease."

"But this mine is worth millions!" Vern protested. "The owner would give me much more! Reckon I'll go see him."

"I'll make it ten thousand!" Simon blurted out.

Vern thought a minute, then nodded his head in consent. Simon handed over the money, and Vern signed over the lease.

Vern disappeared after that, and it was not until a few days later, that Simon found a note hidden under one of his counter boxes. As Simon read, his face went from red to white and his lower jaw dropped in consternation. The note read: "Thanks for the money, Simon. It goes to my brother, the man you swindled out of that much a few years ago. By the way, if you want to see some more of that rich ore I showed you, you can buy some for a few dollars at the Black Mine over in Gower Canyon. Signed: Vern Casey."

MISCALCULATION

COLD AND WEARY, WITH A POSSE CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL, TRIGGER WAGNBURN, HIS CUNNING MIND ALWAYS ALERT, COMES TO A STOP AS HE SEES A LONE CABIN CLOSE BY...

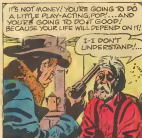
WHOA, BOY! WE'VE GOT A SLIGHT LEAD ON THAT POSSE! IT'S TIME I THREW THEM OFF MY TRAIL! THIS IS WHERE I LEAVE YOU!

COURTESY BY BO. WOOTEN PICTURES & LITVIG CO.



CAREFULLY COMBING HIS TRACKS, TRIGGER MAKES HIS WAY TO THE DOOR OF THE CABIN...









Gene Autry

DYNAMITE

LOOK! THE STAGECOACH SKALYWOODIN' ALONG! THE DENVER MUST BE OUT TO MAKE A RECORD!

LOOK AGAIN, CURLY! THERE IS NO DRIVER! IT'S A RUNAWAY!

ONE DAY, AS GENE AUTRY AND HIS PAL, CURLY COGINS, ARE BRANDING CATTLE OUT ON THE RANGE...

WASTING NO TIME, GENE AND CURLY TAKE OFF AFTER THE RUNAWAY STAGECOACH—

WE'LL HAVE TO STOP IT BEFORE IT OVERTURNS!

HEY, GENE! WHY FOR ME!

AND SOON...

WHEN I'S THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET THIS TEAM STOPPED!

WE'D BETTER SEE HOW THE PAS-SENGERS ARE!

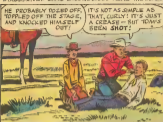
IT'S EMPTY!

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONE! NO DENVER, AND NO PASSENGERS, EITHER!

MY UNCLE, CARTER COGINS, IS A DETECTIVE ... HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO LOOK FOR CLUES! SEE SOMEONE WAS EATIN' A TOMATO!

YOU'RE WRONG—SOMEONE WAS HURT! WE'D BETTER BACKTAIL QUICK!

AS GENE AND GUYLY RIDE BACK, THEY FIND THE STAGSDEWER LING UNCONSCIOUS NEAR THE ROAD.



SOON TOM RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS.

CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HAPPENED?

OUCH! MY HEAD SURE HURTS!... LAST THING I REMEMBERED WAS BEING IN THE TEAM! NEVER SAW WHAT HIT ME!



IT WAS A BULLET - BUT THERE WEREN'T ANY PASSENGERS LEFT ON THE STAGE! WEREN'T YOU CARRYING ANY?

ONLY ONE FELLOW - NAME OF DRISCOLL! BUT WHERE IN BLAZES DID HE GO?



SOME TIME LATER, IN TOWN...

SOMEBODY GO GET DOC WHEELER! TOM IS WOUNDED!



THAT'S FUNNY! TOM SAID HIS PASSENGER'S NAME WAS DRISCOLL, BUT THIS BAG HAS THE INITIALS 'C.C.'!

RELAX, TOM! THE DOC'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

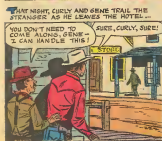
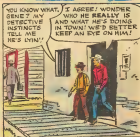
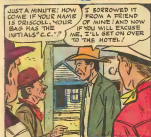


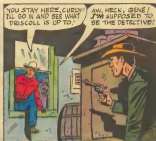
SHORTLY...

NOTHING TO DO BUT SHOOT OPEN THE LOCK ON THE BAG!

I GUESS SO! MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOME CLUE TO WHO OWNS IT!







AROUSSED BY THE NOISE, THE STORE-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER, DEBORAH, RUSHES INTO THE STORE...





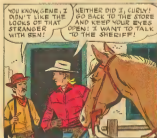
THE NEXT DAY AS GENE LOOKS AT SOME BOPES IN BEN'S GENERAL STORE...



THIS DYNAMITE IS SIX TIMES MORE EXPLOSIVE THAN BLACK POWDER, BUT IT'S SAFER TO TRANSPORT!

THEN DELIVER IT TO THE MINE! SEE YOU LATER!

BEN DOES SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT DYNAMITE! WE'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!



YOU KNOW, GENE, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT STRANGER WITH BEN!

NEITHER DID I, CURLY! GO BACK TO THE STORE AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! I WANT TO TALK TO THE SHERIFF!



WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERS! THERE'S BEN WITH THREE TOUGH-LOOKING MEN! I'M GOING TO TRAIL THEM AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



WE'LL RIDE OUT TO THE MINE WITH YOU—JUST TO BE SURE YOU GET THERE!

TILL YOU CAME INTO TOWN, I WAS LEADING A DECENT LIFE AS A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN HERE! NOW LOOK AT ME!



SOME TIME LATER, WITH CURLY CLOSE BEHIND, THE OUTLAWS STOP AT AN OLD DESERTED MINE...

ALL RIGHT— I DELIVERED THE DYNAMITE FOR YOU, BUT THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO DO!

OH, NO, IT ISN'T! YOU'RE NOT QUITTING NOW— UNLESS YOU WANT TO GO TO JAIL FOR THAT AIMING DISASTER!



MEANWHILE, CURLY LISTENS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE MINE ...



BUT A MOMENT LATER, HE IS DISCOVERED BY ONE OF THE GANG...



WHILE THE OTHERS TAKE CURLY DEEPER INTO THE MINE, BEN SURFS OUT...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



THAT'LL KEEP OUR NOSEY FRIEND CORNERED FOR A WHILE!

HEY, WHERE'S BEN? LOOKS LIKE HE'S SKIPPED OUT ON US! LET'S CHECK ON HIM!

AT THE EXPLOSION, CURLY'S HORSE REARS AND BREAKS AWAY...



MEANWHILE, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



YOU'RE FREE TO GO NOW, DISCOLL! WE'VE RECEIVED A TELEGRAM VERIFYING YOUR IDENTITY!

THANK GOODNESS! NOW I CAN GET ON TALEST'S TRAIL AGAIN!

SHORTLY...



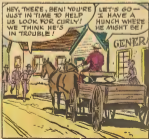
HEY, GENE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH CURLY'S HORSE? WHERE'S CURLY?



I DON'T KNOW, GENE! HIS HORSE CAME RUSHING BACK TO THE RANCH WITHOUT HIM!

LOOK AT THIS BRANCH! SOMETHING FRIGHTENED HIM, AND HE BROKE LOOSE!



HEY, THERE, BEN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HELP US LOOK FOR CURLY! WE THINK HE'S IN TROUBLE!

LET'S GO - I HAVE A HUNCH WHERE HE MIGHT BE!



BUT WE COULDN'T ATTEMPT THAT! IT WOULD TAKE A MINING EXPERT, AND WE SUDCANT WAIT TO GET ONE!

YOU DON'T NEED TO WAIT! I'M A MINING EXPERT! DIG AN OPENING AT THE TOP! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!



JUST A MINUTE—HARRY TALBOT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

ALL RIGHT. SO YOU'VE CAUGHT ME! I NEVER HAD A CHANCE AND I KNEW IT!



THAT CAN WAIT... THE IMPORTANT THING NOW IS THAT WE CAN SAVE CURLY'S LIFE!

BUT WE CAN'T RISK IT! THAT'S HOW HE KILLED THOSE SIX MEN IN THE OTHER MINE!



THAT'S A LIE! HE TRIED TO SAVE THEIR LIVES BY DYNAMITING! BUT THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD FROM GAS FUMES!

NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE ME AND I COULDN'T PROVE IT! THAT'S WHY I RAN AWAY!



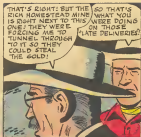
AND CURLY WILL BE DEAD, TOO, IF WE DON'T ACT QUICKLY! I'LL HAVE TO OVERRIDE YOU ON THIS, DISCOLL!... GO AHEAD, BEN!



HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THIS MINE, BEN? IT HASN'T BEEN WORKED FOR YEARS!

HE CAME AND HIS GANG DRIFTED INTO TOWN A WEEK AGO AND RECOGNIZED ME! THEY DECIDED TO MAKE USE OF MY SKILL AS AN EXPERT ON EXPLOSIVES!





AT LAST, ALL IS IN READINESS...

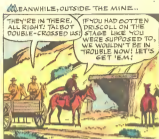


AS THEIR SHOUTS BRING NO RESPONSE, BEN BECOMES NERVOUS...



FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, THE GROUP WATCHES THE BLAST, HOPING AGAINST HOPE...





A MOMENT LATER THE OUTLAWS OPEN FIRE ON THE OTHERS...



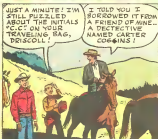
GENE JOINS THE FIGHT AND HIS BULLET KICKS UP ROCK DUST IN GARSON'S EYES...



GENE SEES NEW DANGER AND SHOUTS A WARNING...



SEIZING HIS CHANCE, THE SHERIFF CIRCLES AROUND BEHIND MCCANN...



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